

The Sun

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The Ohio Mystery.

We are asked to believe that Ohio Republicans have been transformed from brave and self-respecting men into crawling, invertebrate, abject cravens. "A newspaper correspondent of Ohio birth and of twenty years experience in the politics of that State" is thus quoted in the Washington Herald of April 15:

"One word," said Mr. GERRARD of the Shorham, "describes the Republican situation in Ohio, and that is the word 'coward.' The admirers of the Senator, those who at heart believe in him and love to follow him and who wish to see him retain his old-time prestige in State and nation, are afraid to speak out. There seemed to be a lack of enthusiasm among his former adherents. This was something that at first seemed difficult to analyze, but it soon became apparent that the Roosevelt-Taft managers are warring the big fight, threatening political extermination as the fate of those who do not bow down to the Administration."

"For once in Ohio politics brave men are afraid to speak their honest sentiments. It was reported in Canton that Secret Service men, in the pay of the Government and the Taft machine, were keeping a close watch on FORAKER, taking the names of men who called upon him and reporting every word he spoke in public or private."

"At Canton the word was passed among the Taft people to keep away from the Foraker speaking so that it might be called a 'front.'"

This is a very grave accusation indeed. It amounts in fact to saying that because a few hundreds of country editors and assorted politicians are holding Federal office in Ohio the 450,000 or 500,000 Republican voters of that State have relinquished their claims to free thought, untrammelled action, even simple decency and manhood. It is a great pity the fountain of this amazing information did not gush a little longer and a little more explicitly. We are not wholly prepared for the proposition that the Hon. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT enjoys no respect and confidence among his fellow citizens in Ohio save at the order or by the permission of President ROOSEVELT; neither does it strike us as all credible that the Hon. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER's leadership is so poor a thing that a frown from the White House can dissolve it in thin air. Perhaps we should concentrate our astonishment on the very thinly veiled and perfectly distinct intimation that the President of the United States is conducting a factional contest in Ohio. Familiarity with such rumors, however, has dulled the once keen edge of our capacity for sensation.

Meanwhile Secretary TAFT would seem to be the helpless victim of all this melancholy and distressful gossip. He is not now in Washington. For some time past he has been away on an errand of duty, visiting Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico and other objects of our national responsibility and solicitude. Whatever bitterness and turmoil may rage in Ohio, at least he cannot be arraigned as its inspiration. If indeed there be a "Taft machine" and a "Foraker machine" and if the collision of these two shall have begotten acrimony and discontent, surely he has had no part in contriving the deplorable situation. Such mischief as may have been fermented is obviously not attributable to him. Nor can it be said truly of Mr. FORAKER that he has plunged his party and his State into a perilous predicament. He is the senior Senator, the acknowledged head of the Republican organization of Ohio; and any aspirations he may see fit to prosecute are well within the circumference of his legitimate activity. He has been a gallant soldier, a potent and useful citizen. Ohio has heaped honors and promotion on him, and if in any instance he has betrayed the trust there is no authentic record to that effect. He has no right to submit his ambitions to the electorate as Mr. TAFT has. No more, no less. But why, in doing this, he should provoke the President to a passionate and tyrannical hostility and to acts of notable coercion and mysterious menace is something far outside of our philosophy. We do not undertake to explain it, for the very simple reason that any rational explanation would seem irreverent.

Perhaps the best way to dispose of the riddle is to dismiss it to the limbo of the fantastic and the impossible.

In Two Countries.

That the police of Brooklyn should have found relatively fewer Italians carrying concealed weapons than were caught in Manhattan and The Bronx is not at all singular. The explanation may be found in the records of the courts of Kings county and of New York county. Here the Judges have been lenient, imposing small fines and short jail sentences on violators of the dangerous weapon ordinance. In Kings county the Judges have made the punishments more severe, with the result that the arrest and prosecution of an offender

have meant something. The deterrent effect of uniformly adequate punishments is shown in the results of the recent police raids.

In New York county the courts have recently reached a degree of severity in which the Judges are willing to impose a sentence of three months imprisonment on persons found carrying pistols or dangerous knives. Until within a short time the punishments usually inflicted have been fines or incarceration for a short period. The result of this has been to encourage the opinion among those who wish to bear concealed arms that the ordinance prohibiting it may be violated practically with impunity.

The ordinance allows the court to order a person convicted of violating its provisions to pay a fine of \$500 and be locked up for a year. The extreme penalty is not too much. If the courts should inflict the highest fine and the longest imprisonment allowable on all pistol and knife carrying ruffians the practice would soon decline, and within a short time only habitual criminals would violate the law. Perhaps the example of Brooklyn and the tragedy of Sunday afternoon may move the New York county Judges to the consideration of such a policy.

The Complete Evacuation of Manchuria.

According to a telegram from Pekin the last detachment of Japanese troops was withdrawn from Manchuria on April 8. As the last Russian soldiers belonging to the regular army were withdrawn on March 21 it follows that the Treaty of Portsmouth, which provided for the evacuation of Manchuria by the late belligerents within eighteen months, to the surprise of many sceptical on-lookers has been faithfully carried out. It is true that by the treaty Russia is permitted to retain a certain number of railway guards—the present number is about 8,000—for the protection of the lines traversing the northern part of Manchuria, a similar privilege being conceded to Japan within the territory previously occupied by her army. Outside of the railways, however, the maintenance of peace and order will henceforth be left to Chinese soldiers, and it is expected that a portion of the disciplined force organized in the province of Chi-li will be used for the purpose. The open door in Manchuria is therefore an accomplished fact, though it remains to be seen whether some discrimination will not be practiced as regards railway rates in favor of merchants belonging to the two countries by which the northern and southern sections of the principal railroad are respectively controlled.

Is there reason to believe that the rule of China, thus restored in the three provinces of Manchuria, will be permanent? We may probably take for granted that the provisions of the Treaty of Portsmouth will be observed during the continuance of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, concluded on August 12, 1905. It becomes of interest, therefore, to note that article of the treaty by which its terms is defined. The eighth article provides that the agreement shall remain in force for ten years from the date of signature, but this stipulation is qualified by the addendum that in case neither of the contracting parties shall have denounced it. Moreover, if when the date fixed for its expiration arrives either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall continue until peace is concluded.

So long as this agreement holds it would be an act of folly for Russia to attack Japan, strengthened as the latter country would be by the British navy and the British treasury. Nor is any aggressive movement in Manchuria likely to be made by Japan during the period named, for some years will be needed for the firm establishment of Japanese control in Corea and Liaotung, for the development of the resources of those peninsulas and for the construction of railways in the southern part of Manchuria, which is looked upon as falling within Japan's sphere of influence. Simultaneously the Mikado's army and navy are to receive signal augmentations, the aim of which is to make Japan ultimately irresistible on the Asiatic mainland and the preponderant sea power in the Pacific. The immense preparations to that end now under way would not be requisite unless the Treaty of Portsmouth were looked upon in Tokio as assuring not a lasting peace but only a brief truce.

That is the view taken of the treaty by those foreign observers who were most thoroughly conversant with the situation in Manchuria in August, 1905, and who insist that Japan's failure to exact a pecuniary indemnity was due to the knowledge of her Elder Statesmen that her resources in men and money were for the moment nearly exhausted, whereas Russia in the interval following the battle of Mukden had succeeded in placing in Manchuria a force equal to her opponent's. The fact, too, that outside of the leased Liaotung peninsula Japan succeeded in gaining at Portsmouth not a square inch of Russian territory except the southern half of Sakhalin, to which the Mikado had previously possessed a valid claim, proves that the St. Petersburg Government has no intention of renouncing definitely its former policy of expansion in Eastern Asia. It may be recalled that the Treaty of Portsmouth binds the parties not to construct fortifications on Sakhalin or the adjacent islands and not to take any military measures which may impede the free navigation of the Straits of La Perouse and Tartary. The last stipulation shows that Russia has not abandoned her purpose of making of Vladivostok a great naval and commercial port.

In all likelihood, therefore, we should regard the present state of things in Manchuria as transitional, the length of the period of transition being determinable by the duration of the Anglo-Jap-

anese alliance or by Japan's arrival at the conviction that she is able, single handed, to resume a career of conquest on the Asiatic continent.

Douglas and Whitney.

The resuscitation of the Democratic party in Massachusetts seems to be the chief business in a life of Mr. HENRY M. WHITNEY, who recently drew from Mr. BRYAN a soothing letter upon Government ownership of the railroads. Ultimate but painless was the treatment promised by Mr. BRYAN, who was glad to reassure the captains of industry in the Democratic party. Having established friendly relations with the candidate, Mr. WHITNEY now intimates that he is willing to take the second place on the State ticket if it is agreeable to the party and to ex-Governor WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS, who is suspected of coveting the first place.

It will be an off year in Massachusetts, the Republican delegation in Congress has signally failed to flush the stand-patters, and DOUGLAS and WHITNEY would run on a tariff revision platform. Again would Mr. WHITNEY be pitted against Lieutenant-Governor DRAPER, for the entrance of ex-Governor DOUGLAS into the field would compel the renomination of Governor GUILD as a tariff reformer, and Mr. DRAPER could not be dropped without damage to the prestige of the party. Interest in the campaign would revolve round the irrepressible personal conflict between Mr. WHITNEY and Mr. DRAPER. Their itemized campaign accounts would be studied with painful solicitude by the Massachusetts election reformers. But the Democrats in Massachusetts, who knew only lean years before Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. WHITNEY began to show a lively concern for free materials, would not be shocked by the revelation. In fact, the prospect of having two capitalists at the head of the State ticket is so alluring to the organization that if Mr. DOUGLAS can be induced to admit a receptive attitude toward the nomination for Governor it may be assumed that the ticket will be DOUGLAS and WHITNEY, in spite of the fact that there has long been a coolness between the shoemaker of Brockton and the railway magnate of Boston.

It is whispered that if Mr. DOUGLAS could be elected Governor of Massachusetts this year he would not be averse to taking second place on the national ticket in 1908. It is understood that he would even be reconciled to sharing the fortunes of Mr. BRYAN. That gentleman, indeed, may be a party to the arrangement which Mr. WHITNEY is so gently manipulating. In the rapprochement between them there is something more than a common interest in the railroad situation. Both are practical men, and Mr. BRYAN was a recent visitor to Boston on political business. A Democratic victory in Massachusetts on the eve of a Presidential election would put the party on its feet with battle in its eye. Mr. BRYAN would of course like to be associated with so sensational a triumph. A united party behind DOUGLAS and WHITNEY, with their bank accounts to draw on for campaign "expenses," would have more than a fighting chance in Massachusetts next fall with the Republicans divided by the issue of tariff revision. Developments in the neighborhood of Boston and Brockton will be worth watching during the summer.

George Harvey, the Conspirator.

It is to the everlasting credit and glory of our esteemed contemporary the Times that by diligent investigation at Washington it should have uncovered the miserable truth about Colonel GEORGE HARVEY. In a vague sort of way it appears that the White House itself is the source of the Times's information; a circumstance which certainly does not diminish the interest of the facts now revealed.

The substance of the disclosure—if we may be permitted to boil down news matter so sensational—is that Colonel GEORGE HARVEY is not merely the gallant soldier, the patriotic philosopher, the accomplished Epicurean, the benevolent journalist, the amiable butterfly of fashion that he has seemed to the superficial observer to be. LOEB or somebody else has now unmasked him as one of the most deeply and darkly implicated intimates of the Rich Men or Five Million Dollar Conspiracy; and, furthermore, he is shown to have joined the gang of plutocratic villains not by reason of honest, if mistaken and deplorable, conviction, but from one of the most paltry of motives, resentment of a social slight.

We quote from the Times:

"It was recalled to-day that during the peace negotiations at Portsmouth in the fall of 1905, Colonel HARVEY issued invitations to M. WITTE and some other members of the Russian delegation for a dinner. M. WITTE did not accept this invitation, as the story of to-day goes, and the reason intimates that on making investigations as to who Colonel HARVEY was he found out that he would be host to a first-rate representative and mouthpiece of J. PIERPONT MORGAN. From what was said the inference was drawn that it was through officials of this Government that M. WITTE derived the information on which he declined the honor of dining with Colonel HARVEY. At any rate, ever since that invitation was refused, Colonel HARVEY has held the Administration, and particularly Mr. ROOSEVELT, responsible for his discomfort, and has acted accordingly."

That, and not any genuine solicitude for the preservation of the institutions which the fathers and founders bequeathed to us, is "the real reason for the bitter shafts which Colonel HARVEY has been launching at the President lately."

Bad enough, but the files of the New York newspapers enable us to supplement the Times's narrative with even more damning facts.

The dinner having been ordered and perhaps paid for in advance, and Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN having signified his intention to be present to meet M. WITTE, and M. WITTE having declined, at the ungenerous instigation of Mr. ROOSEVELT's Administration, the honor of dining with Colonel HARVEY, how was that representative and mouthpiece of plutocracy to cover his discomfort? What did Colonel HARVEY do? He did what any thoroughly bold and bad son of intrigue would do under the circumstances. He hired somebody to imper-

sonate WITTE, and impudently placed the fraudulent Russian statesman at the banquet table between himself and Mr. J. P. MORGAN. He cheeked the Administration's contemptible aloofness by dressing up another dummy guest to resemble the Hon. ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State, and produced him before the assembled guests and seated him next to himself at the table. To omit no detail of deception, he likewise introduced a simulated Baron ROSEN.

Will it be believed, on the testimony of the New York newspapers of September 7, 1905, that Colonel GEORGE HARVEY had the assurance at that wickedly conceived dinner not only to cause the fictitious Mr. ROOT to get up and make a speech indicative of the Administration's hearty participation in the spirit of the occasion, but also to pull the wires behind the puppet WITTE as to make the fabricated guest of honor seem to offer in pretty good French a toast to "the illustrious President THEODORE ROOSEVELT?"

As the promoter of the Peace Congress in this city Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE takes the centre of the stage and his spear knows no brother, but when he insinuated that it did not become President ROOSEVELT to say in his letter to the Congress that if peace and righteousness are at odds "it is righteousness whose cause we must espouse," Mr. CARNEGIE forgot, somebody must remind him, the old principle of the Hague Convention to the President. We quote from a speech of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant in the French Senate last year upon the Venezuelan arbitration:

"On the initiative of President ROOSEVELT, the Hague Court, boycotted by Europe, was set on its feet and saved."

It is true that Mr. HERBERT W. BOWEN, American Minister to Venezuela in the winter of 1902-3, has declared in an article entitled "Venezuela and The Hague" that "Venezuela, alone and unaided, against all opposition," succeeded in having the question of preferential treatment of her creditors carried to The Hague, and that therefore the credit for setting the Hague Tribunal on its feet so that it was saved "must be given to Venezuela."

WELCOME TO AMERICA.

Impressive Ceremony for Arriving Immigrants at the Battery.

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SOME PICTURE SALES.

Nearly 150 pictures "collected" by Edward Brandus are being sold this week at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, corner of Forty-fifth street. James P. Silo is the auctioneer. The collection differs from the Fischel's; it is stronger in the French school, whereas the Fischel was weak in that department and strong in the early English masters. One gallery at least of Silo's makes an impressive showing. There are no startling masterpieces, yet an array of excellent examples, and few in a state of poor preservation. There is a charming Dupré, as silvery as a Ruysdael, intimate, poetic. There is a sky, a pool, some cattle. Better specimens we have seen, we merely note that this is a pleasing Dupré. The Frits Thaulow—and Apollo knows we are aware of this eternal Norwegian, as monotonous as the tinkling, pretty music of Grieg—is as strong, as fresh a Thaulow as New York has gazed upon this season. Winter sun-shine, old and tingling, is the rare note in this canvas. The values are not so carefully rendered as the later Thaulow—who toward the last made his mark in a multitude of studies. The Henner near by is conventional Henner; thick, creamy paint—an impossible young woman; yet she will find eager purchasers, she is so unreal. The Eternal Illusion—as they say at pessimistic table d'hôtes. All eyes will be attracted by the Alma Badema, a Bacchanalia executed in his best style. It is a miracle of arrested motion. No photographic camera could have seized and frozen the casual glance of that princely personage in the foreground. The picture seems at a short distance like a frieze. Yet, who dares call despite its immobility, question its cleverness, its massing of detail upon detail, its modulation of whites into yellow, its general brilliancy and its absolute artificiality? Surely a painting for a Pittsburgh millionaire. It fairly glitters with suggestions of wealth. "My Tadmor," sentimentally Parker, pull the curtain and step aside! Can't you see the group?

Diaz is represented by five examples, two of which are strong; and of these two we prefer "The Wood Gatherer" to the more striking "Paok of Houthers." There is more woodland poetry in the isolated figure gathering fuel in an enclosed space, the sky fairly dripping light upon the scene. The larger picture is exciting; but a hint, even by Diaz, cannot give the general quality of his subject. The trees are after all, the thing; and they are here plenty. "The Fortune Teller" by the same painter is not so attractive. A girl in white and blue is having her fortune told by the conventional gypsy in red. The Ziem is good Ziem. Some dots on Ziem. A Sir Peter Lely, a portrait of the Countess of Kildare, is notable for its deftly painted drapery. Whether it comes from the hand of Lely is dangerous to wager upon. There is also a Gainsborough, a portrait. Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lady Lyndhurst" reveals some brilliant coloring of clock velvet, with a fur edged, scarlet lined cloak as a contrast. The lady is handsome. Her curls are jet black and becoming. She is seen three-quarters face. The picture is from the Holland Galleries, London. A J. B. Corot, a rainstorm, is of interest, as it shows us the great Frenchman not yet free from the bondage of Claude.

It is an early picture. The clou of the collection is Carle Van Loo's portrait of Mme. de Pompadour as a Sultana, her mean eyes, sensual mouth and cunning expression being shadowed forth by the artist, while no doubt every one admired his skill in dissimulation. This picture is accompanied by many witnesses as to its authenticity. We have certainly seen it at Keppel's engraved by Beauvauv. The skill of the artist is chiefly shown in his highly decorative treatment of the draperies and other accessories. The general effect is of elegance, chic and graceful perversity.

The Torres, four in number, are specimens of how the Julien academy can depict a talent into the ways of commercial painting. Anything more artificial in color and treatment by a young man of talent, he is a Spaniard—we have seldom seen. Jean Grunow is represented by a portrait of Mlle. Desboulieures. It is a canvas of delicate charm. The lady is pretty and coquettish. The Humphry Ward collection furnished this example. There is a quiet Claude Lorraine, Pierre Mignard, Hyacinthe Rigaud (help, help! Two large figures catch the eye, particularly the Mame Lambert to Thorigny. We admired the Jan Van Ravestein. The Schreyer is commonplace, sentimental, therefore will sell. A pleasing Jacques, Sir Godfrey Kneller? The Daubigny (No. 108) is small, but fine in tone. A little rare is the color scheme of the Rousseau; yet it is undeniably pretty, probably a study. The Pourbus is overpriced. As for the three Gaston Latouche, we regret to say, notwithstanding Carnegie prize medals, that he is a mediocre, withal a brilliant one. His Bruegel canal is without individuality, his fountain is Monticelli cheapened to meet popular approval, and his interior with its two seated figures of a bored bride and bridegroom is just what Renoir would not have painted. Renoir excels in the depiction of an open window, with curtains swayed by the breeze, the light entering and slowly suffusing everything with a magical quality. But Latouche, like Gervey, is one of those artists who wish to skim the cream off impressionism, yet paint sufficiently academic to please every one. Doubtless he pleases the public, hardly the "Look at that coarsely handled fountain of his—it figured in the Fischel sale! It's neither good Monticelli nor good Latouche. There is a Luini, a "Virgin and Child," which, if a copy, is interesting. The Edes are out in number. The Marquis de Montespan is in faded gold tones. It is called a Mignard. There is a Monticelli, a garden party. It is not characteristic. J. B. Quenon's portrait of a young girl with its simple straw hat, pink ribbon and brown dress is not to be overlooked. Eugene Isabey is to be seen, a solid example. The Delays are good. The Cazin, fair. The English Claude, Richard Wilson, is here. Also two Bouguereaux! The Jongkind is not very striking. Roxybet, ah! dear old Roxybet. Here you are again, my gullant! This time you are essaying to play the "cello." Nature is kindly holding between your fancifully attired legs (wooden). You—or is it your brother?—have been in nearly every Fifth Avenue dealer's window during the season. Seriously, Roxybet must be a very rich man, he paints so badly; or he must be a very poor man, he always employs the same model. And in addition to the pictures we have cited there is the usual amount of rubbish that eludes out a dealer's sale. Such things must be, for they always have been.

If you wish to see the antipodes of the Brandus collection go to the American Art Galleries in Madison Square South and admire the critical taste of Mrs. Anna N. Kendall. This lady hails from Lamolille, Illinois. But for all we know she may have lived in the heart of The Hague, near the wonderful Miedert house. Her gathering of modern Dutch masters is easily the most representative we have ever seen on view this past winter. She has picked and chosen. She has the "fact of omission."

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(as Walter Pater said, and after him Oscar—without quotations.) There are only twenty-nine in the catalogue, and twenty-eight of them are Dutch; the one stranger is a capital Thaulow, with a vision of fair old Vermeer. You suggest the necessity of a financial one, however—that will dissipate to the four corners of heaven such a happy, artistic aggregation. You feel that they have been "lived with"—as the saying goes. The two Maris brothers, Willem and Jacob—the latter sometimes called James—the Boobooms, De Haag, Maure, Israels, Théophile de Bock—whose name sounds so provocative in the springtime—and Weissenbruch have been seldom so exquisitely selected. The de Bocks especially are mellow; the Israels, vaporous; and there is a Willem Maris, "Ducks and Ducklings," which is a dream of misty green tones. De Bock's "Approaching Storm" is beautiful.

In the upper galleries there is a remarkably fine collection of Japanese ivory carvings, made by the late Joseph B. Stearns, and ivory carvings and Chinese porcelain collected by the late Henry T. Cost; also a rare gathering of Japanese color prints belonging to Hamilton E. Field, and Theodore Offerman's collection of etchings by Whistler, Seymour, Haden, together with mezzotints and line engravings. The ivories are to be sold Friday evening and Saturday afternoon; the color prints and etchings, Monday and Tuesday evenings respectively of next week; Mrs. Kendall's modern Dutchmen, Friday evening at the American Art Galleries.

The Friends of Peace.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Abhorring war as the direst of all evils, even when incurred in defence of national life or liberty of honor, I cannot submit in silence to your statement of this morning that:

"The fact remains, however, that the true test of the potency and practical worth of a peace congress would be found in the exact amount of attention and honor, I cannot submit in silence to your statement of this morning that:

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